

Verses of nature and soul

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Presented by

My poetic Side 



About the author

I \\\\'m a fairy of my dreamland
I write and erase my name on sand
I walk on my own ways
Like a blooming bud in spring days

My eyes\\\\\\'ve seen the world of two decades
Where dreams whisper and hopes parade
I hear echo of elegy and and silent cry
And seen flying winbs into the sky

I \\\\'ve seen Dhoni\\\\\\'s victory and Sachin\\\\\\' s
goodbye
Lata mangeskar\\\\\\'s songs tuned through the sky
And felt cold winters and enjoyed monsoon showers
And seen blooming buds and faded flowers

I read Buddha , Krishna and Rama
And the essence of Gita\\\\\\'s Karma
I celebrated classical steps of Vaijayantimala
And timeless beauty of Shakuntala

Simplicity is my ornament, my name is Priya
White crown , golden gown, My motherland is India
I choose dignity over desire and peace over pain
I have nothing to lose, nothing to gain.

summary

Who is His Beloved

Let Me Live in my World

Morning Dew

A Silent Soul

Monarch of Morning

To My Dream Queen

The Bloom Spring Forgot

Clever Guest

My Dream Dress

Whispering to weep

Witty wings

Guest on mother's chest

War in the wild

Who is His Beloved

I wondered alone in wild
No knowledge - like a tender child
Lovingly, he held me in his arms
And I surrendered to his charm

He softly touched my soul
His eyes- like a wine filled bowl
I drank from them through silent nights
And lost my senses and sights

A storm broke the palace's peace
With an innocent noise, a tone laced with grief
A gentle voice , soft as petal bed
Whispered - " I am his beloved"
 ? Priya Tomar

Let Me Live in my World

Let me be a common country lass
Not your queen in borrowed glass
Don't put on me these blooming buds
My lovely lotus met with lily in muds

Don't love me - I'm not your Priya
Let me feel my naughty nostalgia
Your touch poisoned my inner peace
Let me build my Utopia, once Plato dreamed in Greece

Morning Dew

Proudly dew sitting on leaf with thorn
Thinks, nobody so blessed has born
Questions on creeper's virginity
Fool chose lust over loyalty

Two came cloaked in innocent grace
One smiling with rays, second famed for fragrance
Tender dew had no clue, no sense
Lovingly touched and erased existence

A Silent Soul

When she is unborn.....

If a girl in womb

Welcome her in a tomb

When she is a child.....

Let her be a doll - dresser

Science doesn't belong to soft creature

As a daughter.....

A room without window in her share

Brother has monopoly on fragrant air

When she is in love....

My big beauty , I too enough handsome

Corals lovingly ready to swim in deep ocean

When she is in wedding gown.....

Mersupials, exiled from Australlia

As a gift she accepts native nostalgia

Only Heaven know her pain

Why God gifted her only rain

Monarch of Morning

A sovereign king crowned in golden flame
His realm has neither start nor name
Silver soldiers fled the sky
As golden wings began to fly

Heralds singing in soft tune
Announced surrendring of rival moon
Beloved dressed golden gown
Welcomed her king in capital town

Feathered friends danced with colourful witty eyes
Offsprings forgot to weep and to cry
Everyone celebrated power and prosperity
Courtiers lips bloom, happiness came king's city

For minor things kings make battles
It stole pearls from soft petals
Flaming fingers robbed the virgin grace
Of morning dew and of blossom's face

To My Dream Queen

My dream queen, my little lovely lass
Sleeping in deep flowers valley, soft green grass
Two springs' ve bloomed your rosy buds
A new lotus on this evil isle of muds

Open the doors of your dancing diamonds
Welcome the shining sibling with your hands
You ' re still sleeping , heralds came to you here
See the painful partition of dew from petals there

Look at dawn preying the stars
Sing its bravery on guitar bars
Enjoy nature' colours with witty eyes
Free the chained green wings into the sky

The Bloom Spring Forgot

Spring : Dear, now we should separate
For some months we were soulmate
Only you is not my favourite
First impressing then leaving is my habit

Bud : No , my king, it's not right
In your hand, I am a kite
Don't leave , not be betrayal, this unbearable pain don't give
Without you how I can live
Reason of my smile is you
Erase me , the sun did with

dew

Spring : My beloved, don't weep
That we've sown , we have to reap
I am wanderer , our no destination
We've to bear this separation
Goodbye dear, goodbye
No more tears, no cry no shy

Bud : you gifted me grief , sorrow
God, my eyes not want to see tommorrow
Let my eyes be a brook, let me cry
Without my king, I 'll shatter, I 'll die
Heaven is not present here !
Painful partition I ' ve to bear

Nature's Whispering.....

No need to be sad
Why, your pink petals turned into red
Look at those smiling Palash in hot Sun
Have you seen them in Shakuntala's bun.

Clever Guest

Look at this clever guest
dirtying pink petals and crushing blooming breast
Chased dumb diplomats.
Well dressed greedy rats

It wears skin of rabbit
.Breeding terror its old habit.
Iron beast killed sweet siblings
And destroyed soft saplings

Two legged animals with sharp horns
heart has a branch of thorns
snatched bread of voiceless.
And capacity to solve puzzles of silver seeds countless

My Dream Dress

Let me stitch my dream dress
Fabric of faith, a gown of grace
With hope threads and lovely lace
Not hers not yours? it's mine, new and fresh

I punch the buttons of bravery
Spend my soul's sewing treasury
No rainbow beauty, no camouflage
I like the color of character and courage

No Jaipuri veil, no chanderi silk
No parrot-green, no white like milk
Let Deccan keep its cotton charm
And kalamkari' grace South's arm

My classy dress is mine
In my dream dress I'll shine

Whispering to weep

A pretty parrot smiled
Lovely leaves offered whispers mild
Throughout the silent nights they spoke
Secrets of soul and lamp awoke
Then, storm forced leaves to weep
Green wings forgot promises to keep.

Witty wings

If you want witty wings
Then sit within word weavers' rings
First sing rhymes of ancient age
Then pluck virgin buds of spring days

Sing softly like morning breeze
Dance as wild as green trees
Behold beloved's breast with clever eyes
And gather pearls of blue sky

Enjoy colours of seven siblings
Steal rhythm from river tunings
Welcome winds of monsoon
Lotus blooming beneath the moon

Celebrate your witty wings
Follow all these wise things

Guest on mother's chest

We all are guest
On the mother's chest
Why poison you spread
All' ve right to bread

Autumn turns into spring
Dark night into golden ring
Why you fear storm and showers
Cherish bloom and forget faded flowers

Time is not in our hand
We 're alphabets written on sand
We all are guest
On the mother's chest

War in the wild

Two greedy lions fight
To perform their might
Roaring rules dark forest
Broken eggs fall from the nest

Cubs cry , parrots weep
In worries tender sheep
Forced panda to taste flesh
Koala lost gentle grace

Destroyed sacred green groves
With their sharp nails and claws
Blue brooks turned into red rivers
Seed to weed bear suffering and fever

In this war what they gain
Hunger , Loss and pain
Who is might in the end
Again billet daux they' ll send.